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Original Poetry.

MY KINSMEN'S EYES ARE COLD.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY HENRY MORFORD.

My kinsmen's eyes are cold—their lips
 Breathe out no words of greeting,
Such as we give to other friends
 When heart with heart is meeting;
We part with cold averted looks,
 And meet again as careless;
And to each other's words of pain
 We listen still and tearless.

The grass is long upon the grave
 Where my dead mother's sleeping—
And her lone watch from heaven, is all
 My buried sisters keeping.
The summer sunshine of our home
 Is dimmer since they left us;
And the harsh teachings of the world
 Of kindly thoughts have reft us.

Still many a long and weary year,
 I've watched for the returning
Of the bright flame that ever seems
 Round other hearth-stones burning.
But still my kinsmen's eyes are cold,
 Their lips breathe out no blessing;
And with a saddened heart I turn,
 To meet the world's caressing.

Prize Story.

MANNER AND MERIT; OR, A Woman's Choice.

FOR WHICH THE PRIZE OF ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS WAS AWARDED BY THE COMMITTEE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY "F. E. F." AUTHOR OF THE "MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"'Tis of a goodly form and fashion—Pity it lacks brains."
—*Fables.*

"If Edward Carrington is not clever, he is yet a perfect gentleman," said Kate Langdon, in reply to some observation of her brother's.

"*If* he is not clever," rejoined Tom, repeating his sister's words, "there's not much question on that point, Kate. But what do you mean by 'a perfect gentleman,' for to me he seems a perfect nonentity."

"I mean," answered Kate, "a man who always does the proper thing, at the right time, in a graceful manner,—I don't know any closer definition that I can give you, and if that does not convey to you the idea I mean, I doubt whether I can make you understand it better. The general air and bearing, the tone of voice, the laugh, the bow, all proclaim the born and bred gentleman. A more aristocratic mien or refined manner, than Mr. Carrington's, I do not know; nor any one who bears the stamp of birth more decidedly than he does. He enters a room well, too," she continued, with animation, "which is a great point, and though he does not talk well, he does not talk much, which is next to it—no one need ever blush for Edward Carrington."

"He enters a room well, and bows gracefully! Heavens! Kate, how you women dwell in the externals," said her brother. "You, too, who have sense, and ought to know better. 'Born a gentleman.' Yes, his father was a fool before him, and very probably his grandfather, for it takes more than one generation to make such a simpleton. Why, Elwell, to whom you are scarce civil, is worth a thousand of him. A whole souled, high spirited, true hearted fellow, full of talent and information. A *man*, though according to your definition, not a gentleman, for he certainly neither enters a room well, nor bows gracefully. But let him and Carrington talk on any given subject, and we'll see then who is to be blushed for."

"People don't talk on 'given subjects' in society, Tom," answered Kate. "I grant you, at a debating club, Louis Elwell would bear the palm over Mr. Carrington, but you must admit that he is wofully deficient in manner and singularly awkward. As to my not treating him civilly, you are mistaken. I hope I am never rude to any one, and at any rate, I should not dare to be so to Mr. Elwell, even if I felt inclined. There's a look in his eye, and a something in his voice, I don't know what, that commands civility, and his powers of satire would keep any one in order. But I wish papa would not ask him here so often. One meets him no where else, and because he happens to study in the office, is no reason why he must be invited to all our parties, and have the entrè to the house forever."

"Kate, Kate," exclaimed her brother, impatiently, "and is one to be bored forever by that fool, Carrington, because one can go no where and not meet him, and Elwell excluded, because men of talent are rare every where, and most so among the idle throngs that crowd fashionable parties."

"I wish you would see about that note your father desired you to write, Kate," said her mother, looking up from her work, and as her daughter left the room, Mrs. Langdon turned to her son and said,

"I beg, Tom, you will not talk in this manner to your sister."

"Talk how, mother?" inquired the young man.

"About Carrington and Elwell, as you have just been doing," continued Mrs. Langdon. "I agree with Kate, and wish that your father would not ask him here as often as he is in the habit of doing. He admires Kate more, I fear, than is for his happiness, and as he is worth nothing and has his own way to make in the world, had I not perceived that she was more struck by his defects of manner than impressed by his talents, I should have spoken to your father about it. And pray, say no more about young Carrington. He is not clever, certainly. But if Kate don't mind that, why should we? She has sense enough for him, and herself, too, and Carrington is very amiable and correct, and a woman's happiness depends more upon her husband's temper than his talents, Tom."

"And he is rich, mother—that is the amount of it, is it not?" said Tom, smiling.

"No, Tom," said his mother, gravely, "that is not the amount of it. Although no prudent parent would despise fortune; yet it would never induce me to overlook want of temper or principle, while, at the same time, I know the value of a good income. Many things go to make up the sum total of happiness, Tom, that seem small, almost unworthy if you will, and which are to be bought. Ease and tranquillity of mind, the comforts and luxuries of home, and consequence abroad, are only purchased by fortune, and if it cannot secure happiness, it at least wards off much of misery. Poverty sadly tries the hearts and tempers of men, and women, too, and I should tremble to see my beautiful Kate, with her refined tastes and fastidious feelings, brought to the rough contact with the world, which must be the fate of Elwell's wife. But she shall choose freely for herself. Matrimony is a point on which I shall not influence her, and I only ask, my dear son, that you will do the same."

Mrs. Langdon thought she spoke truly, when she said that matrimony was a point on which she should not influence her daughter, because seeing that Kate was inclined to prefer Carrington, she let the matter take its own course, forgetting that she had also spoken most truly, when she said that had it been otherwise, and had Elwell been the favored admirer, she should have taken measures to exclude him from her house.

"As you please, mother," replied Tom, "but depend upon it, if Kate has not the good sense to appreciate Elwell, she is too clever to think of Carrington. I had rather she married Elwell without a sou, than Carrington with double his fortune." Whereupon Mrs. Langdon told her son "he talked like a very young man," meaning in other words that he talked foolishly. But if there is truth in wine, there is certainly truth in youth, and which talked the greatest nonsense on this occasion, mother or son? Time and circumstances only can determine.

Tom Langdon erred egregiously, however, in supposing that Kate being a girl of wit and talent, would refuse young Carrington because he was her inferior in capacity. Kate was too high-minded, too pure-hearted and truly refined to value wealth for itself, to bow to Mammon as Mammon, but she was fastidious, over-sensitive, and keenly alive to all she deemed inelegant, and, therefore, as her brother said, "dwelt in externals." Hence, though in imagination and in theory, she was above this world's treasures, she in fact worshipped its reflection in that appearance of refinement it will sometimes throw around its possessors, and although, as her brother said, she was full of wit and spirit, yet she asked not for the same in others. In the playfulness of youth, and the enjoyment of the moment, she threw forth her brilliancy and wit with the carelessness of a child, unconscious of the value of the gems it flings around, and thus "moving in a light of her own making," and amusing herself while she captivated others. She felt not, indeed was scarce aware of the want of capacity in those she conversed with. Edward Carrington talked little and she much, but he looked admiringly and listened delightedly and bowed gracefully, and Kate forgot that all the animation and pleasure of their intercourse sprang from herself. Then as she said he bore the stamp of aristocracy, and looked, and moved, and spoke with that self-possession which a constant intercourse with society and the assurance of its favor will confer, and which passes for the ease of superiority. Wealthy, well born, good looking and high bred, he was sought for by others, was in short the fashion, and Kate was woman enough to feel the force of this, and be flattered by his admiration.

How Louis Elwell's heart died within him, as with envy, and yet bitter scorn, he saw him whom he knew to be hollow both in head and heart, glide in between himself and the idol of his worship, and while he with beating heart and stammering lip scarce dared approach the shrine before which his spirit knelt, Carrington calmly paid and received attentions that he feared to offer and would have died to win.

Elwell was not one of the "curled, wealthy darlings of the nation." Born of poor, but respectable parentage, he had yet to scale ambition's ladder, and as Kate truly said, "you met him no where else," and had it not been for the accident of his studying in her father's office, she had scarce numbered him among her acquaintance. Slight in stature, insignificant in air and awkward in manner, Kate was prepared to pass him with a graceful bow and gracious smile, as one of "papa's young men," without a second thought, and happier would it have been for Elwell had he let her do so; but captivated by her elegance and entranced by her beauty he could not refuse the kindness of her father, and cordiality of her brother, and eagerly accepted every invitation that brought her in contact with the vision of his dreams. When Mr. Langdon extended his hospitality to Elwell, and spoke of him as one of the most remarkable young men he had ever met, it was with the generous feeling of one at the height of his profession, who would welcome a young aspirant whose genius he admired and whose character he respected. But that the young Elwell, unknown to fame or fortune, at the foot of life's ladder, should raise his eyes to his peerless daughter, was a thought that never crossed the father's imagination, or, perhaps, kind-hearted and generous as he was, he would have been enough of "the world worldly," to have said hastily "the thing is out of the question," and forborne farther invitations to the student. As for Kate herself, cradled in prosperity, and beautiful from childhood, she was too accustomed to admiration to mark particularly the silent homage offered by our hero, and that he should enshrine her in his heart of hearts, and think to woo her, was a thing not even dreamt of. That he was no common man, she was aware of from the encomiums she had heard her father pass upon him, and indeed from time to time she had been struck herself by the fervor of his genius and the force of his imagination, as he had chanced to call at her father's when none but the family circle being present, he had broke the spell that generally enthralled him, and poured forth the riches of his mind with the brilliancy of an excited spirit.

But these occasions were few and far between, and when she saw him again she was surrounded by triflers, and as she passed him, perhaps in the giddy waltz, she had scarce time for more than a sweet smile, and kind "how d'ye do," and in ten minutes she forgot she had ever seen Louis Elwell, while his spirit, as if under the spell of a genius, was chidden back to its prison house, sad, burning and bitter. But why at the thoughts should we include Kate herself in the anathema he was inclined to pronounce against creation? Was she more the subject of illusions, the victim of "externals" than himself? When he placed Kate upon a pedestal and bowed the knee and did homage, was it to her truthful spirit, her warm heart and clear understanding, or was it to the grace that marked every movement, the high bred ease that spoke to him in every action? Was it not the small and classic head, every turn of which was beauty, the full and glorious eyes, whose long fringes alone kept from dazzling, and the youthful voice, rich in music, that he worshipped? The delicate and rosy fingers, the fairy foot, were they forgotten in the catalogue of virtues that made his idol a thing to be enshrined, a vision "too bright and fair for human nature's daily food?" And is this man of genius, whose imagination has been caught by the most beautiful of God's creations, a lovely woman, to call Kate in his heart, "trifler and worldling," because, forsooth, she too is weak enough to prize the outward grace, "the guinea stamp," rather than the solid ore.

So be it however, he did include Kate Langdon in that anathema. "But despair is written on the roll of common men," and when it was announced that she was engaged to Edward Carrington, he vowed he'd make himself a name that should cause her to remember with pride, if not repentance, the homage he had once paid her, and shrinking back to his place far from the gay circles into which his acquaintance with the Langdons' had given him an occasional glimpse, and devoting himself with renewed energy to his profession, he apparently forgot Kate Langdon and the bright sphere of which she was the leading star. But did he so forget her?

Little did opposite counsel dream when writhing under his brilliant sarcasm and bitter wit, that the beautiful, the graceful, the gentle Kate Langdon was responsible for all the burning words and flashing looks poured forth upon their luckless heads.

And where is Kate herself? Immersed in marriage preparations. Is she happy? Yes. And is she in love? Hardly. We don't like to call Kate worldly, but yet we must acknowledge that she had always had a floating idea that when she married it must be brilliancy, and Edward Carrington's appearance, fortune, station, all seemed to answer that expectation. And then he suited her tastes in many respects, and though not a man to be desperately in love with, yet upon the whole she liked him, and her mother said he was amiable and her father said he was rich, and Tom said nothing, and she accepted him.

CHAPTER II.

"Upon her face there was a tint of grief,
 The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
 As if its lid were charged with tears."—*Byron.*

Perhaps in the gay and gossiping circle, emphatically called fashionable, no marriage ever takes place without giving rise to some diversities of opinion, and thus a few were found who wondered that Kate Langdon with her decided talent should marry such a fool as Edward Carrington, while others said, "She was a girl of sense and knew what she was about and had done well," but most agreed that she had fulfilled the duty and accomplished the destiny of a belle in making a brilliant marriage, and so the wedding over, she was fairly launched in society in the station calculated to keep up that distinction as a married woman which had ever been accorded to her as a girl. And surely no young couple ever started more blessed with all the outward and visible gifts of fortune, than Mr. and Mrs. Carrington. Young, handsome and rich, their cup seemed full to overflowing, and when Kate, more beautiful than ever in her rich winter costume, returned her bridal visits, in her own carriage, accompanied by her tall and high bred husband, there was scarce a grumbler who was not silenced.

The first months of Kate's marriage passed gaily, and while her husband still continued to look and listen with all the pride and admiration of a lover, happily, and Mrs. Langdon, satisfied of her daughter's happiness and proud of her prosperity, congratulated herself upon the prudent foresight that had prompted her to encourage the attachment. Even Tom, who had never cordially liked the connection, confessed that he had been mistaken and that his mother had judged the most correctly.

But ere the first year had closed, Kate could scarce repress her sighs or force back her tears on hearing the oft repeated congratulations that fell from her mother's lips, as her heart was beginning to tell a different story.

When she had said to herself and acknowledged to her brother before her marriage, that "Edward Carrington was not clever," she was very far from comprehending the fulness of the folly that was afterwards to be revealed to her in the privacy of domestic life, or when she had said, "No one need ever blush for Mr. Carrington," she little knew how often it would be her lot to crimson to the tips of her pretty fingers for his ignorance and weakness, as at the head of her own table, surrounded by all the luxuries of wealth and elegance of fashion of such an establishment, she was compelled to exert her self possession and hasten to countenance her husband and support his dignity by listening with respect to his silly observations and throwing light and meaning into his otherwise senseless conversation.

But this was not all. She was now beginning to comprehend her husband's character as by degrees it developed itself in its littleness, and to find that he had the capricious, uncertain temper most frequently met in an idle, weak man. If mutes are passionate, having no power of expression, semi-mutes or simpletons are not less irritable in their sense of inferiority, and Mrs. Carrington found, that she who counts upon the good temper of a fool, builds upon a quick sand and casts her happiness to the winds.

Thus awakening to a disappointment, the bitterness of which, like a true hearted woman, she determined no human being should ever know, she felt that perfect confidence could no longer exist even between her mother and herself. What she had to suffer, she must suffer in silence and if possible in secret, and henceforth be without sympathy and alone.

Even the pride which her husband usually felt in her superiority, was as often a source of bitter mortification, as the petty jealousy it engendered, and the irritable, not to say rude, manner which was its consequence; yes, rude, for Kate was beginning to find that this "born and bred gentleman" could say things in his moments of excitement and passion, grievous to be borne by a feeling and high minded woman, and frequently was her spirit wounded and her heart crushed by language that was presently forgotten by him who had uttered it—vainly did she attempt to ward off these bursts of passion in studying the temper and consulting the tastes of her husband. As well might she have attempted to study the winds in the hope of ascertaining the quarter from whence they might blow, as to foresee the causes that would occasion these expressions which arose solely from the *internal combustion*, if we may be allowed the expression, of a weak intellect and a cold heart. And thus she, who had up to the time of her marriage been the idol of her father's house, her every wish studied and every look watched, was now compelled to study the wishes and watch the looks of another, not in love but in fear.

Some years of painful trial passed thus to our sweet Kate, which were telling themselves in her saddened eye and spiritless tone, when accident once again threw Louis Elwell in her way—and if he was struck by the changed expression of her whom he had once so idolized, she was not less surprised by the alteration visible in him. His path too had not been without its trials, but his struggles had been with the outward and visible world, not, with his own spirit, and his efforts had been crowned with distinction, and success was stamped upon his brow and spoke in his full clear eye. The diffidence of the awkward and despairing lover had given place to the easy self-passion of one whose merits were acknowledged and society courted. His quick and searching eye told him the whole story in a glance, and instead of the triumphant and almost savage joy with which he once thought he would have made the discovery of Kate's disappointment, his heart softened as he saw that she was unhappy. The pleasure of the meeting was mutual, and they conversed earnestly and with interest for perhaps an hour, and that one conversation revealed to each more of the others' character than all their former acquaintance had effected, for he had then placed her on a pedestal and blindly worshipped one whom he now more fully comprehended as a thinking, feeling, lovely woman, and she for the first time appreciated the superiority of his genius and understood the elevation of his character, and as she looked and listened, remembered with amaze that this was the man she had once been almost ashamed to receive within the circle of her acquaintance. Her husband seeing them, hastened to join his wife, and Elwell, seeing in her nervous manner and anxious countenance, her fear lest he should expose himself by joining in a conversation she now seemed desirous should finish, kindly pitying her, withdrew. If sorrow had subdued the high tone and joyous spirit of the still beautiful Kate, more beautiful perhaps in her sadness, prosperity had softened and success sweetened the once bitter spirit of Elwell, and although the fever of his dream for Kate had long passed away, yet the remembrance of those spiritless tones and saddened eyes came across his mind ever and anon, and always brought with them pity and forgiveness.

They did not chance to meet again, and in the course of a year or so Mrs. Carrington heard of him as married, and she sighed deeply as she hoped his young and lovely wife was capable of appreciating the peculiar and happy destiny that had fallen to her lot.

"Is there any news to-day, my dear," asked Mrs. Johnston of her husband as he returned to dinner.

"None," he replied, "except that Carrington has failed."

"Edward Carrington?" inquired the lady with surprise. "But surely he was not in business. How can he possibly have failed?"

"I don't know how he has managed it," returned the husband, "but that he has is certain. Harris, who has a mortgage on his house, told me that he had just made an assignment of all his property. He has endorsed and been in Wall street, and I don't know, played the fool in various ways, and then it seems he has a fashionable extravagant wife, and between them they are ruined."

"Poor Mrs. Carrington!" exclaimed Mrs. Johnston compassionately, "I am sorry for her."

"And why are you sorry for her," inquired her husband almost angrily. "Because she can cover herself with diamonds no longer, nor keep two or three carriages and squander money like a fool? You might better keep your pity for their creditors."

"She never did cover herself with diamonds," answered the lady with some spirit, "and only kept one carriage. She dressed handsomely it is true, but nothing beyond what her husband's fortune warranted, for he certainly had a large property. If he has taken to Wall street and speculation, of course she was not responsible for that. Her extravagance has had nothing to do with his failure I am very sure."

"You know nothing about it," replied her husband, who scarce knew Mrs. Carrington by sight, "I am told she was the most expensive, vain, extravagant woman—"

"Then my dear," interrupted Mrs. Johnston with warmth, "you have been told wrong. Mrs. Carrington is one of the loveliest women I know. She may have spent a few hundreds on her dress when her husband by your account has been squandering his thousands, and it is ungenerous now to charge her with his ruin."

"Tut, tut, that is the way you women always talk," replied Mr. Johnston in the courteous manner husbands sometimes silence their wives, "if people will throw away their money, I am not one I confess, who have any sensibility to bestow upon them."

The young people now came dropping in, and each had something to contribute to the history of the Carrington's failure, which it seemed had been the topic of the morning's conversation wherever they had visited.

"And only think, mamma," said Caroline Johnston, "that poor Mrs. Carrington knew nothing about it until there was an execution in the house. It came upon her like a thunder-clap!"

"Not know that her husband was embarrassed? Nonsense," said Mr. Johnston now quite angry. "Her being at that fancy ball last week was outrageous, indecent," and the gentleman continued to spatter forth his indignation upon circumstances, the particulars of which he was perfectly ignorant, with that want of generosity and kindness of spirit too common on such occasions.

"Poor, poor Mrs. Carrington," continued Caroline. "How beautiful she looked the last time I saw her—and yet sad too."

"Yes," continued her brother, "I always wondered what business a woman who made such a decidedly mercenary match had with such a pair of sentimental eyes. What could she expect in marrying such a fool as Edward Carrington—she might have known he had not sense enough to keep his fortune."

"Poor thing," rejoined Caroline. "To marry for money and not get it is hard."

"Serves her right," replied the young man—and "serves her right," was the general decree passed by those same voices who at her marriage declared "Kate Langdon a sensible girl and making a brilliant match." Consequences govern opinions more than motives and always—aware of—and Edward Carrington without fortune was a fool indeed, and the grace, elegance and taste of his wife which had once rendered her the star of the gay circle in which she moved, were now charged as so many faults against her, and the men like old Mr. Johnston talked of her extravagance, and the women dwelt upon her soirees and enumerated her dresses, while few remembered her gentleness and beauty in prosperity with pity for the sad changes about to befall her, and fewer still mourned for the noble and high spirited nature that was now to be tried by the bitter test of humbled fortunes. And who were these few? The companions of her youth, the sharer of her gay and prosperous hours—no—except the brother who idolized her (for her mother had been called from the scene long since,) and from whom alone she received that heartfelt and intelligent sympathy which makes another's unhappiness its own, those who sorrowed for Mrs. Carrington were her inferiors and dependants.

In the middle and lower classes of life there is a kindly feeling and generosity of sentiment for the misfortunes of those removed from them by education and circumstances, which often shames higher birth and more refined manners.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

INSTRUCTION IN A NUTSHELL.—It is related that Galileo, who invented the telescope with which he observed the satellites of Jupiter, invited a man who was opposed to him to look through it, that he might observe Jupiter's moons. The man positively refused, saying, "If I should see them how could I maintain my opinions, which I have advanced against your philosophy?" This is the case with many. They will not hear it for fear that the arguments which they have framed will be destroyed, and they may be obliged to give up their vicious indulgences.

From the Magazines.

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY.

"WITHOUT A STAIN."

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Without a stain the maiden lived
 Unblemished, pure and mild—
A woman grown, she was as sweet
 And simple as a child;
I loved her for her gentleness,
 Her smiles and winning ways,
And for a virtue in her heart
 Above a poet's praise.

Boon Nature lavished charms on her,
 Such charms as she bestows
Upon those seraphs of the soil,
 The lily and the rose;
The soft expression of her eyes
 Came surely from above—
It seemed to me a blended glance
 Of Pity and of Love.

Though various as the chasing waves,
 She ever was the same;
From every motion of her form
 Some grace and beauty came;
The common thoughts she told in words
 From her seemed strangely new,
And earth contained no living heart
 So constant, fond and true.

Yet o'er the brightness of her soul
 A sudden shadow fell,
And Hope, who sang sweet songs to her,
 In sorrow breathed farewell.
She knew not why the music ceased
 Nor why the heavens were dim;
She only knew her cruel doom,
 And that it came from *him*.

God! who canst heal the wounded heart
 And pardon all who err,
This blast of keen and wasting wo
 So temper unto her,
That in her guiltless breast may spring
 The flowers of peace once more,
And all be fair as summer skies
 When summer storms are o'er!

FROM THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY.

SARAH BURNETT.

BY MRS. M. A. BROWNE GRAY.*

If I were asked to describe the very *beau ideal* of an English cottage residence, I am sure my thoughts would instinctively turn to that, which, some twenty years ago, was occupied by the Rev. Charles Burnett, perpetual curate of the pretty village of Beechley. Where else could be found such a combination of elegance and simplicity; walls so purely white, yet so gracefully shadowed with their thick tapestry of climbing plants, that there was nothing glaring in their whiteness; trees forming so stately a background, evergreens so luxuriant as in its shrubberies, and grass of such velvety richness as that which carpeted its tiny lawn? Then the neat little greenhouse kept in such perfect order, with its small, but rare collection of the choicest exotics—when shall I ever look upon its counterpart again? The stranger who passed that lovely spot turned to gaze again, and the conviction at once entered his mind that if on earth domestic peace and happiness could find a dwelling place, surely it was here. But appearances are often deceptive. Even where every worldly means of comfort have been vouchsafed, and where refined taste and cultivated intellect manifest themselves in the external decorations of a dwelling, it does not follow that happiness is there to be found. The Rev. Charles Burnett was by no means a happy man, though possessed of a competent income, an elegant mind, and an extraordinary degree of learning. He was naturally of an anxious, irritable and foreboding disposition, and having married when very young a beautiful, but exceedingly silly wife, he had provided a perpetual food whereon the worst faults of his temper might feed and revel. Her giddy manners and imprudent habits gave him constant annoyance, and, though restrained by his authority from such acts as might seriously compromise his respectability or injure his fortune, she still kept him in an unceasing fever of anxiety. He could not depend on her discretion for a moment, and her pettish repinings over what she called his tyranny, were both loud and continued. She was one who would never learn wisdom, and patience. All that best of woman's wisdom, patience. She was as much a fretful child at the day of her death, fifteen years after their union, as she had been in its earliest stage. She died, however, leaving behind her two children, a boy fourteen years old, and a girl nearly ten years younger.

She was not a person to be very long or deeply regretted by any one, not even by the son of whom she had made a complete idol, for he was already grown weary of her alternate petting and scolding and her unbounded caprice. People whispered that now Mr. Burnett would grow cheerful and happy; but alas, they were wakely mistaken. Those whose tempers, naturally impatient, have been tried and harrassed by an abiding source of annoyance for a length of time, seldom become smooth and gracious, even when that annoyance is discontinued, and instead of the Mrs. Burnett had left in her own son Philip a being who was only too like herself in many points, with the addition of a more determined disposition, and a larger share of intellect, which, joined to his other attributes, only rendered him doubly unmanageable. The little girl who survived her, however, was a being of a different order. Without the brilliant beauty, which, in her mother's younger days had formed her chief attraction, she was still a pretty and interesting child, and her gentle and patient disposition manifested from her very cradle, afforded the strongest contrast to the fiery temper of her brother. The unruly boy treated his little sister much like his Spaniel, sometimes with caresses, sometimes with blows, each bestowed without any other cause than the humor of the moment. One day he would expend all his pocket money in the purchase of cakes and toys for her—in the next in some transport of his rage her prettiest doll or her favorite book would be demolished, and not unfrequently her delicate little form would bear the marks of his unpremeditated violence; yet the gentle child never complained, and strange to say, she loved him. It seemed as if she only treasured up the remembrance of his acts of kindness, and wiped away the memory of his ill usage with her tears. In the violent quarrels that frequently took place between Philip and his father, Sarah was generally a mediator, sometimes by the boy's request, but oftener by her own deed. Who could stand that little attitude, the clasped hands, the streaming uplifted eyes with which she used to entreat for the remission of some threatened punishment, and pledge herself for her brother's future good conduct? In that family where petulance and passion had so long reigned triumphant, the youngest born seemed to have arisen as a superior being, a child-angel, sent to calm them into peace and gentleness. Mr. Burnett originally designed his son for the church, but the objection had early forced itself on his mind that his son's natural temper unfitted him for the duties of so sacred a profession. But possessing, as I before said, a considerable degree of learning himself, and feeling a devoted reverence for it in others, he was anxious that Philip should follow some path requiring considerable cultivation of the mind, and he would not listen to a mere trade, and with this view he placed him in the office of a respectable solicitor, trusting that he might hereafter attain some eminence in the practice of law. But the youth was otherwise inclined. Though not deficient in talent, he was pre-eminently wanting in industry and perseverance; he hated study, and finally resolved never to adhere to the profession chosen for him. He was of a restless temperament—fond of change and thirsting for adventure, and he declared he would far rather go to sea in the humblest capacity than remain bound to the drudgeries of a lawyer's office. Mr. Burnett offered the most decided opposition to this wish, and perpetual altercations were the consequence, which were only ended by Philip's suddenly absconding and entering as a common seaman on board a merchant vessel. This occurred on this eighteenth year; and Sarah was not then nine years old. Never did she forget to her dying day how his flushed face bent down to kiss her in her bed at the dead hour of night he bade her farewell. It was like a dream—that gliding figure, with the lighted candle in his hand, whose touch on her shoulder had broken her slumber, and whose suppressed voice had mingled with a parting blessing, a command that she should be silent for her life; and she was silent after that form had left her in darkness, and she lay petrified and still and sleepless till the broad daylight filled her chamber, like one under the influence of a nightmare. She fully believed that she had been the subject of mere supernatural visitations, and it was only when Philip was missed, and the truth became manifest to others, that she understood what and who that apparition was.

Years went on and Sarah Burnett was a girl of fifteen, not strikingly beautiful, but very sweet to look upon. Her figure was slight and delicately rounded; her complexion far too pale for perfect health; her eyes soft, blue, and expressive; and her hair of the palest shade of brown, resting in soft, smooth waves above her fair forehead. There was something touching in the expression of her countenance, it was so very thoughtful, yet it had such a shade of pensiveness. It made the gazer sigh to think that care or grief, or even overmuch thought should have visited one so young. Naturally timid and gentle, she had from her very birth been a subdued creature, a being whose will and wishes seemed doomed to be ever subordinate to those of others. Her father had tyrannized over her infancy—her father had ruled her childhood not harshly indeed, but most entirely. She was scarcely allowed to have a free thought or feeling. She was required to cast her tastes, her acting, her opinions in the mould of his will. To originate any idea in her own mind which might possibly differ from his seemed to her a grievous sin. There was much pains taken to educate her, or rather to force her mind into one peculiar course, but its own fine impulses and innate qualities were never considered or cultivated. And yet in spite of this barren husbandry—this iron rule, the plants whose germs were native to the soil would force their way into light—stunted indeed, in upward growth, but strongly and firmly rooted. The surface of her mind was still and calm, and ready to receive any image her father might choose to present to it: but there was a deep and strong under current over which he had no control.

They had heard but little of Philip since his departure, and that little was evil: he had reached the West Indies in safety, but had quarrelled with a messmate on his arrival; had fought with him and received some severe injuries, and when the vessel sailed on her homeward voyage, had been left behind in the hospital. Incensed as Mr. Burnett had been with his son's conduct, he still retained so much of a father's feelings toward him as to cause every enquiry to be made in the proper quarter, whereby his fate might be ascertained, and after a long delay he received the news that Philip Burnett had left the hospital only partially recovered, with the intention of obtaining a passage to America, and here all traces of him were lost. His haughty and unthankful conduct to those around him had gained him no friends, and no one had been sufficiently interested in his movements after he quitted the hospital to enquire what had become of him.

It was on a cold, drizzly autumn afternoon that a wretched looking man, decrepit in person, though still youthful in features, clothed in rags and bearing in his appearance the evidences of the last stage of destitution, presented himself before Mr. Burnett's door. In his arms he held a female child of two or three years old, who, worn out probably by hunger and weakness, had fallen asleep with her little head resting on his shoulder. Mr. Burnett, who saw the way-worn wanderers from his window, at once rung the bell, and having ordered refreshments to be given to the supplicant, resumed the newspaper he was reading. But Sarah, whose compassionate eye had regarded the beggar more attentively, suddenly became violently agitated, and with a faint exclamation rose and quitted the apartment. A moment more and she was hanging on the wanderer's neck—it was indeed Philip Burnett, returned home to die.

He had reached America, and under a feigned name had procured a tolerable livelihood for some time. He had, however, married most imprudently, and after passing a few wretched years with his wife, found himself a widower and burdened with the care of the little girl in his arms. He had fallen into idle and dissipated habits—had lost his employment, and at last smitten with mortal disease, had humbled his spirit for the sake of his child, and had returned to the home of his youth. He knew his days were numbered, and he could bear no one to consider but himself, he would have rather died in poverty and obscurity in a distant land than have allowed his father to know, much less to witness his destitution. But amidst all the corruption and depravity of his heart he still *loved his child*, and the protection and aid he would have scorned to solicit for himself, he deigned to ask for her, and it was freely given.

A few weeks saw the termination of Philip's mortal career; but his little Helen remained, and the thoughtful and affectionate Sarah was once her a mother. Her grandfather doted on her, and treated her with the utmost indulgence, different indeed was her happy dawn of life to the troubled childhood of her aunt. Lovely and engaging as her temper was, it was livelier than Sarah's had ever been, and her pretty caprices and wayward whims instead of being harshly checked by Mr. Burnett were rather encouraged. She was the sunbeam of his old age—the plaything of his second childhood, and it probably afforded him more real happiness than any one on earth. Though far more brilliant in complexion, and various in the expressions of her countenance she still bore a strong family resemblance to Sarah, in fact had the latter been a few years older it would have been natural to have taken them for mother and child.

On this little creature, so utterly dependant on her kindness, did Sarah Burnett lavish the full tide of her affection, which had hitherto found no object. Her new position was of infinite advantage to her. It gave a more womanly and independent cast to her mind, and by increasing her responsibility raised her in her own esteem. And, as if the opening of one spring of affection had been the signal for the unlocking of another, so it was in this instance that a few months after little Helen Burnett became an inmate of the family, a new and still more tender attachment had arisen in her heart—childish it might have seemed to others, but in deep and fervent natures like hers such a feeling arises *but once*.

She was beloved and by whom? The boy was scarcely so old as herself—indeed barely fifteen. Yet he seemed older than she was—so tall and well-grown was he, and so manly in his mind and manners. The bringing up of Frank Moreland had been the very reverse of her own. She had been kept a child beyond the years of childhood—he had always been brought forward and encouraged, and his premature displays of independence and spirit exulted in by his doting parents. A more complete contrast than Frank Moreland and Sarah Burnett could scarcely be found, yet they loved each other. Frank Moreland was the only child of a neighboring farmer of the superior class, and a finer youth it was scarcely possible to see. At fifteen he might easily have passed for two or three years older; and his gay, good humor, animated conversation and handsome person made him a general favorite. Already he was an object of much petty rivalry among the young ladies of the neighborhood, and happy was she who at rural dance or fete could appropriate him to herself. It was, therefore, no wonder if he entertained a tolerably exalted sense of his own merits, and availed himself of his privileges as the lady-killer of the parish to the utmost. There were far prettier girls in Beechley than Sarah Burnett who would have been proud of his preference, and entered into the mazes of a flirtation with him with great good will; but Sarah, timid and retiring, seldom went into society, and when she did, rather shrunk from attention than courted it. Yet she caught the young and ardent fancy of the boy, and awakened the first dream of love in his youthful heart.

It was with blushes and tears and trembling that she listened to the declaration of his affection—but she loved him from the first, and she who so solemnly pledged him her faith. Years they both knew must elapse before their consent could be fulfilled; and Sarah's natural timidity made her entreat that as yet their engagement might be a secret one. It was a sad error in judgment, the fruit of injudicious training. Mr. Burnett had inspired his daughter with too much reverence, and too little confidence. This was one of the evil effects of such a system.

Nearly two years passed away, and though Frank Moreland was a constant visiter at Mr. Burnett's house, and evidently in high favor with all its inmates, no one suspected the strength and sacredness of the tie which bound him to one of them. But a change was at hand. His father died, leaving his affairs in great disorder; and the farm in which Frank had been latterly assisting with the prospect of finally succeeding his father, had to be given up. All that was saved from the wreck of the elder Moreland's property was barely sufficient to purchase a trifling annuity for his widow, and it became necessary that Frank should direct his attention to some other business. In this emergency application was made to a distant relative in the metropolis, who was extensively engaged in mercantile affairs, but the only way in which he professed himself able to serve the young man was by sending him out to Rio Janeiro, where he would be required to remain a certain number of years and gain experience before being introduced into the concern at home. "If," wrote this gentleman, "he conducts himself satisfactorily during his absence, he will have the opportunity, on his return, of taking an important part in our business, and a few years may raise him to comparative affluence. I began life in a similar way, and have never found reason to be dissatisfied with the course fortune marked out for me."

It was hard to part with his mother; it was doubly so to tear himself from Sarah Burnett. Yet there was something in the proposal that met with a favorable response in Frank Moreland's breast. It held out a bright prospect for the future, an undefined and distant certainty, yet dazzling from afar—and it opened a path of adventure and change which it is so natural for the spirit of man to yearn for. At first he thought it a dire alternative, a dreadful doom which could not be endured, but soon the flattering influences of hope and ambition began to take effect on him, and before three days had passed he was not only reconciled to the prospect before him, but would have been dreadfully disappointed had anything occurred to change his destination. Not so Sarah Burnett. To her less buoyant mind it seemed as if the foundations of happiness had given way beneath her feet, and that the hour that separated her from Frank Moreland would separate them forever. What—were long years! She might love on—she knew she would love on—not only for seven, but for seventy years should her life be spared that long; but how would it be with him? Oh! the long, weary, sickening suspense—the agonized waiting for tidings of his welfare—the all that might have occurred, when a cheering letter arrived, since that letter was written—all these things rose up before her imagination, and in such an extremity of agony as she had never felt before, she sank suddenly down in the loneliness of her chamber, and clasped her hands before her eyes as if she could thus shut out the fearful images that convulsed her fancy. The dream, the happy dream was over. One hour had shivered it to atoms, and the startling reality of sorrow poured on her like a flood. But Sarah was no longer a child. The last two years had made a marvellous change in the mind that had previously been so slow in its development. But in outward appearance she was still the shrinking and subdued girl. She had now, however, principles and a judgment of her own. She saw at once what must be done—it was long before she would resolve to do it—but she felt that their engagement must be given up. Not lightly, not easily could that solemn tie be unloosed, and even when her stern decision was made, she was secretly vowing to love on forever in her hopeless loneliness, for she felt that never might another's image rest for a moment in the mirror of her heart. To soothe her aged father's declining years, and to watch over the welfare of the little Helen with redoubled zeal, seemed now her only business on earth. She had one more bitter pang to endure—to tell Frank Moreland of her determination, and then to part with him forever. One more tempest of feeling to struggle through, then for an entrance on the calm, dead sea of her future existence. There was something she felt like expiation in her sacrifice. However innocent her motives might have been—however much her conduct had been the result of her timorous nature and ungenial education, she could not conceal from herself that *she had deceived her father*. She dwelt on this idea until her error seemed to darken into a crime. She marvelled how it was that she had never felt so guilty before, and now she resolved that the abandonment of her hopes seemed to her a commensurate atonement. One more week and Frank Moreland would be gone—then all would be over! They met as they had often met before in a secluded corner of the cottage garden. There on that eventful evening never was a brighter moonlight, or sweeter flowers, or more balmy air, but Sarah Burnett no longer felt their influence—the world had grown dark around her. The disclosure of her resolution struck Frank Moreland dumb with amazement, and his overwhelming agony when assured of her perseverance in it was a terrible trial to her firmness. She had intended to set before him all her reasons for this seeming harshness, but the sight of his distress put them all to flight, and she could only weep bitterly while reiterating her resolve to adhere to her purpose. It was in vain that Frank tried to penetrate her motives or shake her decision.

"If you have ceased to love me, Sarah," said he, "if you seek to be free, that you may wed another, only tell me so honestly and fairly, and I will try to endure the bitterness of my lot, as I best may, but if it be only from the fear that absence will change my feelings for you, what, oh what, my beloved one, is seven years separation that it should quench a love like ours?" "Well then be free," he said at last, with less of tenderness in his tone than he had hitherto used. "I give you back your plighted faith—your lock of hair—and my share of the ring we broke together in this very spot, not two years ago. But remember whilst you are free I am not so. If I may not write to you, I may still love you—still hear of you, through the means of others. Sarah—I will not give up hope, whatever you may do—the seven years will soon pass by—and then? But wherefore dwell longer on that parting scene?

He was gone, and Sarah said to herself again and again, that "all was at an end." Yet was it not strange that hope was still lurking in her heart, and that his passionate assertion, that he would never change, sounded to her mind like the prophecy of a far off future, that might even yet lead to happiness. But she tried to drive away the thought. She said to herself it was a foolish dream, and even her father appeared to take more interest in watching for news of Frank's safe arrival at the end of his voyage than she did. For a long time after Frank's departure she strove to maintain the unbroken calm of her feelings. She would not allow herself to dwell upon the past and the future, and she performed her domestic duties more tenderly and more assiduously than ever. But a little circumstance simple and unimportant in itself caused her to weep bitterly, and to feel that the affection she had striven to crush was still as vigorous as ever. She opened a box which she had not examined for some months, and there she found a number of little articles which she had laid by from time to time, thinking with a girl's delighted anticipation, that she would use them *when she was married*. There were little nick-nacks, and ornaments fit for a drawing-room—a set of beautiful chessmen—the gift of a friend who had received them from a distance; some pretty trinkets; and carefully folded in blue paper, to preserve its color, a piece of rich white satin, a remnant purchased by her at some bazaar, pocket money and blushingly confined to that receptacle with a vague idea that some day it might form the material of a bridal bonnet. She scarcely ventured to re-examine the trunk, but re-locking the trunk, sate down and wept.

Letters arrived in due course, bearing tidings of Frank's safe arrival at Rio Janeiro, in good health, and others reached them from time to time, bringing the most pleasing accounts of his good conduct and success. He rose rapidly in the esteem of the managers of the foreign establishment, and the high road to fortune seemed open before him.

Years went by; six long years had passed over, and the seventh had commenced. Hitherto Frank's letters had been filled with joyful anticipations of his return, but now they grew altered in their tone. The truth soon was told. Most advantageous offers had been made him, conditional on his remaining abroad seven years longer, and he had accepted the terms. And now Sarah Burnett awoke to the real state of her feelings, and saw that in spite of all her resolutions, she had *hoped*. She had looked forward to Frank's return when the seven years drew near an end, with a strange sensation that would have been joy, had she permitted it free exercise, but this seemed the final casting down of the dreams of her imagination. Surely he did not love her now, or nothing would have induced him to protract his absence. The blow her own hand had dealt, had taken slow but sure effect, and to him she was nothing.

Her father died but Sarah still remained in the cottage. They were not rich, but they had not to struggle with poverty, for Mr. Burnett had wisely insured his life for two thousand pounds, and the income arising from this, with some slight addition from another source, was more than sufficient for all their simple wants. A more radiant creature than Helen Burnett, it would be difficult for a poet to imagine or a painter to portray. Besides having, as I before said, a strong resemblance to her aunt, she was lovelier than Sarah had ever been, even in her loveliest days—and it was a sad truth that Sarah Burnett, at twenty-eight, was not the Sarah Burnett of ten or eleven years earlier. Her figure had grown spare and somewhat angular, and her face was paler than ever—there was still the mild blue eyes, and the delicate features, but her brow was no longer smooth, her hair had become thin and weak, and her whole form and face looked common and prematurely aged. Her health was very delicate, and at the very time when feminine beauty should be the richest and most luxuriant, Sarah Burnett was shadowed by habitual suffering, and blighted happiness. Frank Moreland's mother, now an old woman, was already indulging in glad anticipations of her son's speedy return, but Sarah would not encourage herself to hope again; she could not realize the belief that he would ever come back; her sensitive spirit shrank in dread from the chance of another disappointment. She went quietly on in the accustomed path of duty; the care of her house, of her beautiful niece and of the poor around her, filling up the most part of her time. But time stays not on his course, however noiselessly his waves may flow, and when Sarah Burnett was in the thirty-first year of her age, the exile of Frank Moreland was ended, and he once more set foot on his native shores.

Yes, he had returned—handsomer, sprightlier, more fascinating than ever, with improved manners, enlarged intellect, and in all the flush and pride of manhood. He had been prosperous beyond his utmost hopes, and he was very shortly to be made a partner of the English branch of the concern, in which he had given so much satisfaction. Then it was that the contrast between them smote with full force on Sarah's mind—he scarcely yet in his meridian, she already past her prime, blighted in beauty, and feeble in frame. It is true that the tumult of her feelings, when they met, had given unwonted color, to her cheeks, and a varying expression to her countenance, which had caused Frank to express his surprise that she should be so little changed, but the momentary flush soon subsided, and he never repeated the observation. Day after day he saw her and always addressed her kindly, even affectionately, but he never adverted to the past. Vainly was her throbbing ear alive to every word and tone, that might indicate a continuance of the feelings of other days, and she whose own hand had rashly severed the tie between them, durst not breathe one word of her unchanged affection. She was convinced against her own will that he was utterly changed—that a great gulf was now set between them, and that she was really older than he, not by one year of time alone, but by an age of thought and suffering. Daily too, he saw Helen, the young and brilliant creature just entering on life's most enchanting period, and was it unnatural that he should replace in his mind the fair image, which though cherished long during his absence, had no more a counterpart in her who had been its original? Over Helen, too, a change had come. Her step grew less light, her laugh less frequent, there was a shadow on her beautiful brow, and the smile with which she greeted Frank Moreland's almost daily entrance was now accompanied by a blush. Who so quick to discern its cause as Sarah Burnett? She saw at once what was passing in the young girl's mind, and summoning up all her courage for the task, she resolved to speak to Frank on the subject, and if she found that he really loved Helen, to assure him that she would give her free and full consent to their union. The first time she saw Frank alone she was about to commence the subject with beating heart and flushed cheek, when he startled and surprized her by speaking of it himself. He avowed his love for Helen without disguise of embarrassment, and appealed to her for consent as the natural guardian of the orphan girl.

"You were wiser than I, dear Sarah," he said, "when so many years ago you relieved us from the bonds, which we in our almost childish folly had woven. You are still dear, very dear to me, how can one so excellent be otherwise? But you knew, better than I, the change that time must effect in us, and that the day would come when my feeling for you would be that of a brother to a most beloved elder sister. The precious being whose happiness I ask you to confide to my keeping, does not look up to you with more reverential attachment than I do. Sarah, my love for you now, is such as a mortal might feel towards a guardian angel."

This was the closing struggle in the history of Sarah Burnett's heart. It only remained to trample on the last sparks of hope and fear, that had been rekindled by Frank Moreland's return, and to try to extinguish the love, which instead of a folly would become a crime. She had only now to assist in the arrangements of the nuptials—to dress the young and beautiful bride, and to sit down in her lonely cottage on the evening of her marriage, a sad and chastened being, whose part on earth was accomplished. In turning over the same trunk, the contents of which had so moved her when she loked on them years before, she had found the piece of snowy satin which in fancy had been destined for her own bridal decoration. "It shall be worn by Frank Moreland's bride," thought she, and it formed the head dress of the fair Helen on her marriage day.

In the little church yard of Beechley, there is a tomb whose inscription informs you, that it is sacred to the memory of the Rev. Charles Burnett—to that of Charlotte his wife, and Philip, his only son. Another name is added to the list—it is that of Sarah Burnett, aged thirty-five. Ask those who were around her in her latter days, of what she died, and one will tell you that it was of some unascertained internal disease, another that she was the victim of decline, and others perhaps that it was of a complication of disorders. We, who knew her secret history, could give a truer answer—she died of a weary spirit and of a slowly broken heart.

* Better known as the English poetess, Miss Mary Ann Browne, the sister of Mrs. Hemans.

A HAPPY MARRIAGE.—In Cincinnati, a dry goods clerk proposed marriage to a gay young widow: she laughed at him. A week after, he had the "good fortune" to detect her in putting a piece of Irish linen under her cloak surreptitiously. The scornful widow was caught then, and consented to put on the matrimonial noose rather than be denounced as a thief. This story is called a "romance:" but the hero has no quality of a gentleman, neither generosity nor delicacy like a true lover: he succeeds, like the hateful Brazilian in "Matilda," by becoming the master of an infamous secret. As to the lady, she was worth $20,000, and might have bought her linen; instead of which she has to take a husband whom she had once rejected, and whom, even with her tarnished honor, she must despise as sordid, soulless, and revengeful—a poor creature indeed, who marries a shop-lifter, not to shield her from punishment, but for the gratification of avarice or worse passions. Such a marriage can yield the parties no joy, but gives the malicious more scope for ridicule of domestic happiness, "the only bliss that has survived the fall."—*Boston Post.*

ATTENTION, SPINSTERS!—In order to supply the *honest* lagos of Australia with wives, there must be introduced into the colony 10,359 unmarried women. There are now but 26,007 unmarried females to 66,366 unmarried males! Fine field here for pistols and coffee!

Death Punishment.

TOWN MEETING.

A large and highly respectable meeting of citizens of Philadelphia city and county, opposed to Death Punishment, was held at the County Court House, corner of Sixth and Chestnut Streets, this evening of Wednesday, December 20th, 1843, in pursuance of public notice.

The meeting was called to order by Dr. John A. Elkinton, upon whose motion the following named gentlemen were appointed officers:

PRESIDENT—GEORGE M. DALLAS.

Vice Presidents—*By the City.* Thomas P. Cope, Henry C. Carey, Richard Vaux, Joseph Neal, Henry M. Phillips, Dr. Charles D. Meigs, Robert Morris, Isaac Barton, Dr. Caspar Wistar, Jacob Ingersoll, Rev. Wm. H. Furness. *Of the County.* Hon. Richard Rush, Rev. Jesse Castle, Thomas Tustin, Nathan H. Potts, Samuel D. Patterson, Joseph Fenimor, Jr., Richard Gardiner, M. D.

Secretaries—Benjamin Matthias, Dr. Henry Patterson, Dr. Jesse W. Griffiths.

The call of the meeting having been read by the Chairman, Dr. Isaac Parrish, from the Committee of Twenty-five,* submitted the following Report, for the doings of that Committee.

REPORT.

To the Meeting of the Friends of the Abolition of Capital Punishment, to be held on the 20th of December.

The Committee of Twenty-five, having been appointed by a Town Meeting held nearly two years since, and having performed the duty assigned to have some before them, deem it proper to present a brief abstract of their proceedings, and to resign their trust to those by whose authority they have acted.

Soon after their appointment, the Committee organized, by the appointment of Dr. I. Tyson Kay, as their Chairman; and William F. Rittenhouse and Thomas P. Carmalee, as Secretaries; and Dr. Isaac Parrish, Treasurer; and proceeded to select sub-committees, to whom were entrusted the carrying out of various measures, other which were deemed important in effecting the objects which they had in view.

Amongst these the printing and circulation of Memorials to the Legislature, asking for the Abolition of Capital Punishment, was deemed highly important.

A large number of these petitions were accordingly attended, and circulated freely among our citizens, and had the effect of indicating a reference of the subject to the Judiciary Committee of the Legislature, to which two reports now in favor of the prayer of the petitioners, and since adverse to it, were presented, and gave rise to an animated and interesting discussion on the merits of the question before that body.

The effect of this discussion was, the committee believe, eminently serviceable in diffusing information on the subject, and in inducing a more free and candid examination of it amongst the mass of the people.

To our representative from the city, George Sharswood, Esq., much credit is due for his able vindication of the sentiments of the friends of this humane measure, and for his exertions as a member of the Judiciary Committee.

In the early period of their labors, the committee encountered an active and strenuous opposition from a large and respectable portion of our fellow-citizens, who believe that the Punishment of Death is enjoined upon communities by the highest written authority, that of the Holy Scriptures, and that its abolition involves a direct violation of the Divine command.

The theological view of the question was made the subject of frequent pulpit discourses, and the sentiments set forth in all the various forms, as they conceived, much misrepresented.

Under these circumstances the committee deemed it incumbent upon them to meet their opponents of the measure on this issue, and they therefore appointed a sub-committee, to prepare an essay, which should compose a critical examination of the entire argument, and should meet the objections urged upon this branch of the question.

This essay contains, as the committee conceive, an able and logical argument, and the theological argument is written in an excellent spirit, and has been the means of enlightening many minds who entertained serious doubts on this important branch of the enquiry.

The committee also deemed it incumbent upon them to protest against the imputations which had been cast upon the religious sentiments of the friends of the abolition of capital punishment, by affirming, in a series of resolutions, their firm conviction, that the destruction of human life by the hands of the executioner was not only at variance with the dictates of moral policy, and humanity, but was opposed to the benign spirit of the Gospel, which enjoins forgiveness of injuries, and seeks to reclaim, rather than to destroy the criminal.

These resolutions were extensively published, and attracted a good influence upon the public mind.

The committee also promoted public discussions between the friends and opponents of capital punishment, which had the effect of arousing public attention to an extent scarcely attainable by other means, and of enlisting many new and influential advocates in the cause.

The committee would especially refer to a public discussion held at the Saloon of the Clinton Society, between Robert Rantoul, Jr., and a distinguished clergyman of this city; in which an uninterrupted interest was maintained during three evenings, and which was attended by many hundreds of our fellow-citizens. The effect of this debate was, we believe, highly serviceable to the advancement of our objects, and the committee cannot omit the expression of their acknowledgments to the eloquent champion, who so ably sustained the principles which they represent, on that occasion.

The committee have received in contributions the sum of $84 93 cents, for which expended in the prosecution of their objects $91 43 cents, leaving a debt of $13 50 cents, for the liquidation of which concerts are now being made.

In mentioning, the committee would congratulate their friends now assembled, upon the brightened aspect of our cause, in the world since every one interested in the humane object which has called us together. Facts are concurrent in effecting the abolition of a punishment abhorrent to the feelings of human nature, inconsistent with the mild tenor of the penal code of Pennsylvania, and at variance with moral policy.

All of which is respectfully submitted on behalf of the committee

ISAAC PARRISH,
W. J. MULLEN,
H. S. PATTERSON.

The Report was read, and unanimously adopted.

THOMAS EARLE, Esq., from the Committee of Arrangement, then submitted the following resolutions.

Whereas, the question of the abolition of Capital Punishment has for some time, attracted the attention of the People of Pennsylvania, and will probably claim the consideration of their General Assembly at its approaching session; we deem it proper publicly to express our sentiments and views in relation to this subject, that they may have such weight with our fellow-citizens and our legislative representatives as they may be entitled to from us.

Resolved, That we disapprove of taking human life as a punishment for crime—because,

1. It has not been proved by experience that the innocent, were convicted and executed—and, in remedy the defects of human institutions, the power to correct error when discovered should not be irrefragable.

2. Its enormous and irreversible severity creates a feeling of pity, which destroys terror, and undermines the obligation of legal or moral duty—annulling the pursuit and securing the impunity of offenders.

3. Its excessive and irreversible severity excites, if it does not justify, a spirit of resistance, the employment, by the culprit and his associates and friends, of every means which wealth, influence, and dexterity can furnish in their behalf; it—in proportion to the chance it affords a most unrighteous favoritism, giving immunity to the powerful and the rich, and inflicting death upon the humble and the poor.

4. It diminishes the sacredness of human life, the gift of a beneficent Creator—points to its degradation as a means of avenging wrong—and thus contributes a lesson of ferocity and bloodshed.

Resolved, That the principle of social vengeance can never be admitted into the criminal jurisprudence of a civilized and Christian community.

Resolved, That as no one will assert the right of one individual to take the life of another, unless that taking be necessary to save his own from immediate and impending violence, so society cannot be justified in inflicting capital punishment when it can otherwise secure itself from danger.

Resolved, That the principle of deterring others by the infliction of capital punishment, is unsound and fallacious in the administration of criminal justice, because,

1. It is unjust to make one man suffer beyond the measure that would be made merely to expand upon his guilt merely to benefit others.

2. It plunges the condition of the criminal, and makes him a victim of inequity in practice, advantages for others, instead of a sufferer in consequence of his own crime.

3. If the executions be public, its impressiveness is lost in the distraction of a crowd, and the gaze of the feel-lately, the agents of the execution, the vague wonder of the silly, and the bold impressions of the spectator and the turbulent in the vicinity of the law.

4. If the executions be private, its saving been carried into effect is doubted by all who are prone to believe in the uncertainty of the law and the corruption of its ministers—in its accidents, as mysteries, are perverted and exaggerated—and, in the public estimation, the minds of men generally no more effect, and certainly none more permanent, than any common tale of horror, whether fabulous or real.

5. Was, whether public or private, is seldom arrested by the apprehension of death. The self-confidence and presence of mind urged from no haven, in the moment of their perpetration, good or bad. The brooding and calculating murderer, (a man more dreaded by society than the fugitive,) estimates the chances of escape as a hundred to one; if detected and convicted, he counts upon the laxity of the law, the intervention of sympathy, the clemency of the Executive, the chance of desertion by the gallows, why, he will but undergo the brief pangs which, at the very worst, are momentary, during life by thousands of innocent fellow-creatures, and only anticipates by a short period the universal lot.

6. Actual experience in several countries has fully established, that, to diminish the life of the culprit for protracted punishment, is more efficacious than its prompt close in deterring from assassination. Men whose natures fit them for murder, value nothing more than their own life; shrinking with greater dread from the dark and lonely and conscience-stricking cell, during ten

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$2 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1.25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to hand their letters addressed to us. The word "Post" at end of line is a hint. Subscribers are please enclose their letters with their names or labels.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post Office to be delivered to us.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the year, unless a new subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for the bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is impossible to be always correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Persons will most always find The Post Office renewed from, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the new terms, as heretofore:

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's Companion Magazine.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Wiseman.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, may be agent for Graham's Magazine, for Ireland, and for Messrs. Heather, Jun. & Smith, G. H. Cranwood, 1, St. Bernard's Crescent, Edinburgh, Scotland.

SAMUEL H. STEVENSON, assisted by James H. Stevenson, and Judge C. Johnston, for Kentucky.

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

HENRY M. LEWIS is authorized to act as in Alabama and Tennessee.

☞ JAMES E. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and North-West—and has authority to appoint sub-agents in Memphis, Wathem H. Wood, & Co., Natchez, Miss., Huntsville, Ala.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Pennsylvania.

JAMES PRESTON, of Va., is our Travelling Agent for Virginia.

H. H. and W. M. WHEELER, for Arkansas.

ELI P. SLOCUM is collecting for us in Missouri, Illinois, and parts of Wisconsin Territory.

ALANSON LINCOLN, of Rochester, New York, is also authorized to obtain new subscribers to Graham's Magazine and Lady's Companion. Lists of Lady's Companion Single copies may also be had at his store in Rochester.

ALMANAC

FOR THE YEAR

1844.

PREPARED FOR THE

United States Saturday Post.

NO. 98 CHESNUT STREET,

PHILADELPHIA.

MONTHS	Days of the Month	Days of the Week	Days of the Year	CALCULATED FOR SATURDAY				
				Sun Rises	High Water	Sun Sets	High Water	
				H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	
JANUARY (1st Mo.)	1	2	1	7 27	4 43	5 1	5 17	
	2	3	2	7 27	5 33	5 2	6 7	
	3	4	3	7 27	6 23	5 3	6 57	
	4	5	4	7 27	7 13	5 4	7 47	
	5	6	5	7 27	8 3	5 5	8 37	
	6	7	6	7 27	8 53	5 6	9 27	
	7	8	7	7 27	9 43	5 7	10 17	
FEBRUARY (2d Mo.)	—	1	8	7 26	10 33	5 8	11 7	
	—	2	9	7 26	11 23	5 9	11 57	
	—	3	10	7 25	—	5 10	—	
	—	4	11	7 24	0 13	5 11	0 47	
	—	5	12	7 23	1 3	5 12	1 37	
	—	6	13	7 22	1 53	5 13	2 27	
	—	7	14	7 21	2 43	5 14	3 17	
MARCH (3d Mo.)	—	1	15	7 20	3 33	5 15	4 7	
	—	2	16	7 19	4 23	5 16	4 57	
	—	3	17	7 18	5 13	5 17	5 47	
	—	4	18	7 17	6 3	5 18	6 37	
	—	5	19	7 16	6 53	5 19	7 27	
	—	6	20	7 15	7 43	5 20	8 17	
	—	7	21	7 14	8 33	5 21	9 7	
APRIL (4th Mo.)	—	1	22	7 13	9 23	5 22	9 57	
	—	2	23	7 12	10 13	5 23	10 47	
	—	3	24	7 11	11 3	5 24	11 37	
	—	4	25	7 10	11 53	5 25	—	
	—	5	26	7 9	0 33	5 26	0 27	
	—	6	27	7 8	1 23	5 27	1 17	
	—	7	28	7 7	2 13	5 28	2 7	
MAY (5th Mo.)	—	1	29	7 6	3 3	5 29	2 57	
	—	2	30	7 5	3 53	5 30	3 47	
	—	3	31	7 4	4 43	5 31	4 37	
	—	4	32	7 3	5 33	5 32	5 27	
	—	5	33	7 2	6 23	5 33	6 17	
	—	6	34	7 1	7 13	5 34	7 7	
	—	7	35	7 0	8 3	5 35	7 57	
JUNE (6th Mo.)	—	1	36	6 59	8 53	5 36	8 47	
	—	2	37	6 58	9 43	5 37	9 37	
	—	3	38	6 57	10 33	5 38	10 27	
	—	4	39	6 56	11 23	5 39	11 17	
	—	5	40	6 55	—	5 40	—	
	—	6	41	6 54	0 13	5 41	0 7	
	—	7	42	6 53	1 3	5 42	1 57	
JULY (7th Mo.)	—	1	43	6 52	1 53	5 43	2 47	
	—	2	44	6 51	2 43	5 44	3 37	
	—	3	45	6 50	3 33	5 45	4 27	
	—	4	46	6 49	4 23	5 46	5 17	
	—	5	47	6 48	5 13	5 47	6 7	
	—	6	48	6 47	6 3	5 48	6 57	
	—	7	49	6 46	6 53	5 49	7 47	
AUGUST (8th Mo.)	—	1	50	6 45	7 43	5 50	8 37	
	—	2	51	6 44	8 33	5 51	9 27	
	—	3	52	6 43	9 23	5 52	10 17	
	—	4	53	6 42	10 13	5 53	11 7	
	—	5	54	6 41	11 3	5 54	11 57	
	—	6	55	6 40	11 53	5 55	—	
	—	7	56	6 39	0 33	5 56	0 27	
SEPTEMBER (9th Mo.)	—	1	57	6 38	1 23	5 57	1 17	
	—	2	58	6 37	2 13	5 58	2 7	
	—	3	59	6 36	3 3	5 59	2 57	
	—	4	60	6 35	3 53	6 0	3 47	
	—	5	61	6 34	4 43	6 1	4 37	
	—	6	62	6 33	5 33	6 2	5 27	
	—	7	63	6 32	6 23	6 3	6 17	
OCTOBER (10th Mo.)	—	1	64	6 31	7 13	6 4	7 7	
	—	2	65	6 30	8 3	6 5	7 57	
	—	3	66	6 29	8 53	6 6	8 47	
	—	4	67	6 28	9 43	6 7	9 37	
	—	5	68	6 27	10 33	6 8	10 27	
	—	6	69	6 26	11 23	6 9	11 17	
	—	7	70	6 25	—	6 10	—	
NOVEMBER (11th Mo.)	—	1	71	6 24	0 13	6 11	0 7	
	—	2	72	6 23	1 3	6 12	1 57	
	—	3	73	6 22	1 53	6 13	2 47	
	—	4	74	6 21	2 43	6 14	3 37	
	—	5	75	6 20	3 33	6 15	4 27	
	—	6	76	6 19	4 23	6 16	5 17	
	—	7	77	6 18	5 13	6 17	6 7	
DECEMBER (12th Mo.)	—	1	78	6 17	6 3	6 18	6 57	
	—	2	79	6 16	6 53	6 19	7 47	
	—	3	80	6 15	7 43	6 20	8 37	
	—	4	81	6 14	8 33	6 21	9 27	
	—	5	82	6 13	9 23	6 22	10 17	
	—	6	83	6 12	10 13	6 23	11 7	
	—	7	84	6 11	11 3	6 24	11 57	

News.

ory of New York, in- ...ation to the City debt ...10 76, and produces ...6 80. The City debt ...ed to be $8,000,000 ...ed at $2,200,000 ...worth $2,200,000 ...$1,700,000, and the ...$2,000,000; Philadelphia, ...80,000; Washington ...800,000, and Tomp- ...ed. The Superin- ...s, and the bed of the ...counted as City pro- ...

The Cincinnati Ga- ...of Neil, Moore & Co. ...actors, and with the ...est of D Tallmadge, ...d mail service per ...Ohio, Pennsylvania, ...operating 290 teams ...employing 25 agents and ...ll employed by the ...mission is estimated ...ual annual expenses ...

...nati Atlas says that ...n Land Oil Factories ... They not only sup- ...ed product, but ...ast large quantities ...s, Savannah, Charles- ...ston, Philadelphia and West- ...nand exists in New ...he Woollen Manufac- ...the last oil is advan- ...

...Some way, writes to ...diagnose" their sore ...he had got so wide ...t he could "hack a ...with a man sitting ...forming the man sitting ...

...he EXPLOSION of the ...the last Pittsburg Age ...n Bradyll's Bend, Arm- ...Mississippi, on Friday ...New York city, have died ...the explosion of the ...ers of the eleven ac- ...ers of whom are in a ...

...The schooner Ida arri- ...Saturday week, from ...t previous to her sail- ...war Spy had captured ...the African Coast ...ve hundred slaves on ...y all liberated, and the ...ssel ...

...e have been introduced ...mbly, instructing the ...the Representatives in ...ress to limit exertions ...of a law reducing the ...per cent., and to make ...ferred stocks ex- ...

...ctory of Messrs. D. M. ...O.) was entirely con- ...his fruit, with its con- ...t ever hundred and ...e loss is about $6000, ...y and stock, there was ...

...F I despise, on trial ...with causing the death ...ed to be murder in the ...in the third degree. He ...h's fight on the 23d of ...ed the Kentucky ...NIA.—A law has pas- ...Kingston, the first item ...ppropriation of $1,000 ...ter where the count of ac- ...country, by the laws of ...ty of the candidate ...ssed—The Chillicothe ...at the following officers ...Ohio, are all practical ...Archer, Secretary of the ...Clerk of the House; ...lerk of the Senate.

...The Rector of Valhead. By the Rev. Robert Wilson Evans. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1844. 12mo. pp. 252.

...New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: G. B. Appleton.—The plan of this work supposes the writer to be a Protestant Episcopal clergyman of the Country Parish, where all the parties of the Parsonage, as we think it should be called, with the exception of all the claims of sanctity and to associations, such as a Widow—Daughter—Sister—Brother—Friend—and the same delegated. The Rector, upon coming to his Parish, finds the memory of one of his predecessors so dear among the people, that he is considered as a kind of Household Saint, and he is delighted in the re appearance of that Spectre. He is also delighted to find the Widow of the dear friend of his father's successor, and his description of scenes in the Parish during his father's incumbency, principally make up the book. It is divided into twenty-four parts or chapters, at the end of each of which a poetry of a melancholy character is introduced, which is much true pathos in many passages, and altogether it is a delightful book for a summer's leisure ground.

...The Conquest of Mexico. By Wm. H. Prescott. 3 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers; Philadelphia: A. Hart, late Carey & Hart.—This work is now complete; and, since having carefully examined it, we pronounce it the best history ever written by an American author. It is written with the full, rich, and picturesque taste of that kind in the language. Mr Prescott thoroughly understands his subject, and has made himself master of the chronicle of the past, but he enters into the spirit of the time of which he writes, and gives us not a fresh and picturesque delineation. In this, indeed, consists the highest merit of the historian. It is this which has made Defoe, with all his faults, the best writer of novels and romance tongue, and we predict that it is this, more even than his fidelity to research, which will make Mr. Prescott popular as long as the language endures.

...The third volume begins with the story at the beginning of the siege of Mexico, and ends with the death of Cortez. To this is added an Appendix, containing a disquisition on the Aztec civilization, and some other matter of value.

...JANE MANNING AND CHRISTIAN PHILIPPA, by Rosa Matilda.—This is the title of a beautiful miniature volume which Messrs Lindsay & Blackiston, N. W. corner of Fourth and Chesnut streets—the right of publication—has just received. The contents commend it to the favor of the religious part of the community, and the style in which it has been prepared is peculiarly tasteful and elegant.

☞ The New World Serial Supplement, containing Dickens' Christmas Carol, and some other matter has been received by Ecker. The Chanticleer suppressed, and Old Puckered promises to be quite a worthy successor to Chanticleer.

HANNAH MORE.—No. VII of the Works of Hannah More has been received at 98 Chesnut street, and by Perkins and Purves, and Ecker & Co. One more book will here complete the work.

☞ The Illustrated Common Prayer is now completed. It makes one most valuable' than was promised, and ought to found in Rockhill's.—Chesnut street.

☞ Blackwood, for December, has been re-published. It completes the first volume of the New World Library. Ecker has it.

PRIDE AND HUMOR. By Mrs. Copley. New York: W. H. Graham. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blackiston.—This is a work intended to be presented to domestics by the heads of families, as a holiday gift. It is addressed to servants, and will command the attention of all who are masters or mistresses under their responsibility for the well being of their dependants.

DEPOSITION FROM THE HEART. Or Occasional Poems, by Thomas Buchanan Read. Philadelphia: Butts & Hall.—This is a little volume of poems, with many of which we have been pleasantly acquainted before their appearance "from the Heart," in which form it is more attractive as quaint, and very well describes the character of the volume.

THE JEWEL.—This is a holiday gift for boys and girls, which contains many excellent stories, and good wood cuts illustrative of the same. It may be had at 98 Chesnut street, by Ecker & Co.

MARCO PAUL.—No. VI of the travels and adventures of the young gentleman, has been received by Ecker & Co. It is a most interesting and instructive series for children.

☞ E. Ferret has published the Musical Library for January. It contains six pieces of Music.

Congressional.

IN SENATE, Tuesday, December 19th, Mr. McDuffie, according to notice, introduced a bill to modify the tariff of 1842. The bill proposes that no rate of duty shall be levied above twenty per cent. ad valorem. Mr. Merrick presented petitions from discharged workmen, asking Mary Yard, ship-wright. A special appropriation, that the Secretary of the Navy may re-employ them. The Senate went out of Executive session, and will sit To-Morrow.

IN THE HOUSE the whole day was spent in a desultory debate on the improvement of the Mississippi River. It was proposed, in referring this and various subjects embraced in the President's Message, to give that part in relation to Western Navigation to the Committee on Commerce. This the Western members opposed, and wanted a select committee. Mr. McLean, of Indiana, said that West Has been imposed upon by the North too long—she is now able to take care of herself, and will do it. Mr. Holmes, of S. C., expressed his satisfaction that the West had waked up at last—spoke in general terms of the importance of fortifying the mouth of the Mississippi, and invited his Western friends to unite with him in breaking up the present tariff. Several other members then participated, and, without taking any question, the House adjourned.

In Senate, Wednesday, Dec. 20, several memorials were presented relative to claims for French spoliations, prior to 1800. They were referred. A series of resolutions from the Legislature of Louisiana were presented. One of them was in favor of refunding Gen. Jackson's fine, and the others in favor of remounting the 3rd Dragoons and improving Red River. Mr. Benton's water united bay resolution was again presented. Several reports were taken from the table, and ordered printed, and among them was Mr. Cost Johnson's $200,000,000 scheme.

In relief of Mr. Houston introduced a bill for reducing and graduating the price of the public lands, which was twice read and referred. A resolution was adopted after some debate, requiring the Secretary of the Treasury to report whether the members of the non-districted States have been elected in accordance with the law and Constitution; ayes 148, nays 32.

The question upon Mr. Barnard's Protest coming up, the matter was settled by an ayes the question of reception upon the table.

The Speaker announced that he had examined precedents and found that the petition presented by Mr. Adams on the Saturday previous from New York did not come under the 21st rule. After some debate the question of reception was laid upon the table, yeas 97, nays 80. This of course carried the petition with it. Mr. Adams next attempted to present a petition asking that no new slave State may be admitted into the Union. The Speaker decided that it came under the rule and could not be admitted.

Mr. Adams then announced that he had another memorial. It is from Washington county, Illinois, and after a long preamble asks an amendment of the Constitution in two particulars—1st. That a law may be passed making a confession of sin, in leaving out of the Constitution all acknowledgment of the sovereignty of God, and for omitting a provision to abolish slavery. 2nd. That the authority of Jesus Christ be acknowledged. 3rd. That all laws of the land shall contain an acknowledgment of God who ruleth over the earth, and 4th, That the Constitution be so amended as to demonstrate the self-evident proposition in the Declaration of Independence relative to "the right of all to liberty, happiness, etc.

Great tumult followed the announcement of this memorial, some of the members denouncing it as disrespectful and insulting, and the House adjourned without taking any question.

In Senate, Thursday, Dec. 21, a great number of the session was consumed in debating a bill which provides that the number of the Court of Pea Patch Island be referred to Hon. Isaac Bronson. The bill for the admission and the settlement of Oregon Territory, was taken up and referred to a Select Committee. The Senate went into Executive session, and will sit to-day.

In the House, the memorial from Illinois was taken up on the question of reception. Mr. Adams claimed the right of presenting it at once under the restrictions of the 21st rule, there were others which ought to be referred to a Committee. Members and Speaker called Mr. Adams to order for introducing a subject which decided that what he had said was irrelevant, and proceeded to argue the matter. He said the petitioners were like those of revolutionary times—men of character, and not to be put down by mere technicalities. The memorial contained 1000 names—1500 had signed it—they were of his freedom, and 300 lie on outlit in his own district.

Mr. Adams continued speaking. A motion was made to go into Committee, but some of the members protesting against this, however, Mr. Adams again obtained a motion was made and carried, yeas 116, nays 39, that the petition be referred to which was denied accordingly. Then, on motion of Mr. Wise, the question of reception was put on the table, and the matter on the petition with it.

Mr. Adams then presented a resolution from the Legislature of Massachusetts, proposing an amendment to the Constitution, so that representation and direct taxation shall be apportioned among the several States according to the respective numbers of free persons. He moved its reference to a Select Committee.

Mr. Adams then presented a petition from citizens of Ohio, praying for the repeal of the Texas annexation resolution. Mr. Adams was desirous to be heard upon the subject, but did not move, as he had been accused of interrupting the business of the House. He should like to amend the charge, but he would not move to suspend the rules for that purpose. Mr. Cannon, of New York, moved that Mr. Adams have leave to be heard. Mr. Adams then spoke for nearly an hour, and his remarks were yeas 123 to 46 nays.

Mr. Adams then spoke briefly and commanded the close attention of the House. He referred to the remark of Mr. Wise, that the House was not to be put down by mere numbers, and begged Mr. Holmes to lay aside his sense of the wrong which he had done him in this way, and for deliberation as friends and brothers, which he trusted would be the case. He did not doubt the attachment of gentlemen (referring to Messrs. Wise and Holmes) to the Union, but he desired to say that other gentlemen were as much attached to the Union as they were, and would not consent to any measure that would endanger it. He moved the reference to a Select Committee.

Mr. Wise then spoke briefly,

Selected Poetry.

AN EVERY DAY PARADOX.

OR HOW A BAD LOSE ALL WHEN WISHETH TO BETTER HIM SELF.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

There was a little village lass
Oh! but her heart was full of joy,
Had be a stick to whistle to
A log of matches and a toy,
Nearly there never was reflect
Like that of Johnny Lofthouse.

For time grew on—a boy no longer,
He's to grow, intellectually, stronger,
And then you would admire
To see him driving four-in-hand
And he in the coachman carriage,
John Lofthouse, Esquire!

No doubt you like them nearly proud
Of such a fine and handsome youth,
A very talented man
The shrewdest heads might not have found,
Had they survived the grave and mound,
Misfortune in his face.

And yet he was most sad—for riches,
Have something in them that bewitches,
And fills small hearts proportion
Whilst, like a terrible disease,
They rot out of both mind and case,
Our Imbecilus and nonsense.

And this was now sore for he
Had lost his sight; he could not see
Those things, which he desired,
The friends and playmates in his youth—
He could not see them, and in truth
Never stood full six feet high.

And then his hearing went—oh! sense
Had once so quick an little John
For neighbours in their need
But now, if sorrow cries and moans,
Not hear his piteous, deep tones,
And ears most deaf indeed.

And even he had no memories sweet;
Puffed up with most absurd pretences
He heard himself in fancy
Each better man in power cow,
Every down that dared be low—
He was out of his mind.

His power of mind angered in glamour,
He built a house of many rooms—
Of many and most grand,
But through them all he sought in vain
He could not find a friend
In all his house and land.

Sometimes he sneered and withdrew,
The more estate the lonely grew,
Till grew to be a prison,
Where a great unmeaning hell,
Without a friend or comforter,
So, on his heavenly it was long,
And lonely it was dreary,
To measure time to close,
As well as time the night he
Assured, as they were drinking tea,
That it was broad daylight.

Alas! what mattered wine, or food!
Oh! he was a lonely man indeed,
Whilst the cheerful door
With pennyroyal of milk and bread—
And were his appetite bad!
And it retarded to more

No! on though dishes did abound;
Though pinkeled lamprey stood around,
In jackets sweetly dressed;
With scarlet chilli and scarlet wine,
And buttons stamped with a great lemon—
John's true armorial crest.

The beast he see his trickets were;
The horses he ran rattings done!
And on his sealed letters
Upon his table was his name,
The beast was figured every where—
A beast in golden letters.

Lost eyes and ear, lost heart and health,
Good name, good conscience, were his wealth
What less could still befall?
Alas! he cannot find himself a friend,
He died!—he feared he lost his soul—
The heaviest loss of all.—*Dickens' Household Words.*

Sea Sketches.

SALT-WATER BUBBLES.

Keep a Good Look-Out Ahead!

BY HAWSER MARTINGALE.

It is generally the case that sailors, and officers too, sometimes, are fond of talking, that is, of sleeping in their watch on deck! and the sweetest sleep which a mister experiences, is that which is then stolen. On board many of our merchant ships, but little attention is paid to a lookout during the night. The mate, soon after the watch is called, if they have nothing to do, huddle together on the forecastle, under the lee of the longboat, and make themselves as comfortable as possible, spinning yarns, or singing sea-songs, or, if the decks are dry, stretching themselves on the softest plank they can find, and sleep as if for a wager, until aroused by the officer of the deck, to attend to some ship's duty. It is, however, usual on board of well-regulated ships, to station at least one man on the weather side of all homeward, for the purpose of keeping a good look-out ahead; but this is a duty which is too generally negligently performed, especially if the officer of the watch is a sleepy-headed old salt.

Indeed, the important duty of keeping "a good look-out ahead" is too much neglected on board our merchant ships, and many sad disasters have occurred in consequence.

There was a veteran seaman on board the good old ship Philistine, of Salem, named Isaac Goodly, who was never known to leave the deck in his watch. No one never knew when he ate, even if he had been deprived of sleep for twenty-four hours, so long as he remained on deck; and yet the old fellow liked to sleep in times and seasons, as well as any man on board, and when he had left the deck, and was fairly turned into his bunk, he would sleep as if he was resolved to make up for lost time, to better up a good character for future use, and breathe and snore as loudly and as musically as a crowded sufferer under the plaisher.

Isaac did not merely keep awake in his watch on deck. He would walk the weather side of the forecastle, or the main deck, before him, when it was his trick at the wheel, and kept a bright eye to windward and aloud, and every few minutes set up a spirting look under the lee. In other respects Isaac was not remarkable. He was a good sailor, and would do his duty as well as the common run of men, but he kept his most eminent excellence consisted in his capability of remaining awake during his watch in the night, and of keeping a sharp and steady look-out.

One evening, in the dog-watch, while the old ship lay becalmed in sight of Corvo, on a passage to Lisbon, some of the youngsters undertook to play Isaac a little about his nely peculiarity, and heartily intimated that his remarkable vigilance was more owing to a particular respect for "number one," in an animal and sort of coarse fear of some evil happening to him in the dark, than to a conscientious wish to discharge an important duty.

"Well, boys," said Isaac, with a grim smile, "you may have it your own way, and perhaps after all you are not altogether wrong. I received a lesson many years ago—a dear one it was, too, which I shall never forget—and I dare say that if either of you should receive such a lesson, you would never be caught asleep in your watch again, if you followed the same trade you were so old as Methuselah."

"What lesson, Isaac?" exclaimed Bill Rattling, with a hoarse laugh. "Did the ship take in a sea over the lows, while you were taking a comfortable snooze on the forecastle deck? or did a clumsey elephant or a shipmate plant his heel on your jaws, and fracture the bones? or did an ill-natured skipper thrust a broad dress your throat, and thus begin shaving, and tackle and pay your wages?"

"Why, no, Bill," replied Isaac, "the lesson which I received was of a character somewhat more solemn than any thing you have mentioned.

"Well, out with it, my bully," said Harry Saunders, "I suppose it is a secret, eh?"

"Certainly not," replied Isaac. "If you would like to hear of a hair breadth escape pick open your ears with a marlinspike, and I'll endeavor them this way."

The crew all gathered around the old man, who seated comfortably on the keel of the longboat, and, after scratching his head as if to assist his memory in constructing his ideas, he thus commenced his narrative:

"You must know, shipmates, that some fifteen years ago I was on board the ship of the Sandals, bound at a voyage to Rotterdam. The captain, whose name was Hawkins, was a good sort of a man enough—a seamen and a navigator; but he finally loved his own ease, and trusted too much to his officers. He did not like to be broken of his night's rest, and usually turned in at about two bells in the first watch, after telling the officer to keep a good look out, and to turn the captain's nose if it should come on to blow—then "flue up," he would demphasize, "and be conspicuously active, and, blow high or blow low, nothing further would be seen or heard of him until he came on the morning watch, when he would come on deck to bone.

The chief mate, Mr. Stanley, was a tolerable good officer, only—at least he would have been, if the captain had attended to his own business, and looked after his officers. He kept a pretty good watch, although he was fond of downstrokes, though he would take a cat's nap in the proper hourcap—and just as he ought to, rest always as well trimmed, and the ship steered, even in his watch, as should have been the case. As for Mr. Watkins, the second mate, he was a thick-headed youth, a sort of ship's course, I believe, not overstocked with brains, and he seemed to consider keeping a watch as a great farce, and resolved to get over the disagreeable duty as easily as possible. He would usually stand four or five calls, before he would show himself on deck—the chief mate would then drive below like a spout at the flank of a musket, and the safety of the ship and the lives of all on board were entrusted to the care of this Mr. Watkins, who would sleep, I verily believe, with his head in a bucket of water.

"This officer would usually take a few turns on the quarter-deck, and then sing out in a loud and peremptory voice, 'Keep a good look-out ahead, there!' To this, one of the watch, perhaps roused out of a sound sleep, would reply with a cheerful 'Aye, aye, sir!' and turn over and take further nap. Mr. Watkins would then, as if he had faithfully performed his duty, and taken all proper precautions against any accidents, would leisurely stretch on the hencoops, and, in a hollow voice, would groan out somewhat the honorous tones of a Scotch bagpipe, which, without the interference that he was fast anchored in some good harbor in the bed of dreamland. The ship was then left to the said honors of the night in the care of the helmsman, who generally, when the light wind hauled or increased, or a squall seemed to be raising, he would scarcely know it, until he felt his head taken by the stirring.

"It sometimes, however, happened, that the man at the wheel would be relieved at his post for the ship steered remarkably easy, and if the weather was quiet, and a good wide avenue for the wheel rope with a rope yarn, and take a nap also—indeed the latter is one of the plague, and a man can hardly see a half dozen stars without an inclination to sleep, feeling the life of his eyes grow heavy, and keeping close together; then it is actually necessary to keep steering a true course, and keeping busy with the wind and the sea, and looking out sharp for the wind and the sea, but I am digressing, and, at this day, there is many a ship crosses the Atlantic, with no better look-out than a sleepy mate while awake on board the Armadillo—for there are more captains like Captain Lowell's than there are like Mr. Watkins, than is generally imagined. You know as well as myself that there is a vast difference between men at sea and on shore—and I do, and every thing else, as near as well as I do, as often the cause of long passages.

"Well, one dark and cloudy night, it was the 8th of April, I remember it well—we were drawing up with the chops of the British Channel, with a strong breeze from the northward—and a heavy, disagreeable sea—and I was getting soundings before night in ninety fathoms of water, and hoped to make the Lizard on the following day. At one bell, after Captain Swanaldeen had smoked his segar, and drank a tumbler of hot grog of brandy toddy—he walked the deck a few times fore and aft—gaped as if his jaws were about to separate forever, and declared his intention of going below for the night.

But, Mr. Watkins," added he, "we are now in the fair way for vessels, and of course you will see that a good look-out is kept ahead."

"Certainly, sir, there is always a good look-out in my watch. I have my own wide awake—and as we are getting in with the land, I'll make them open their eyes extra wide."

If I catch a man asleep on the watch, I'll pull his eyelids open with a pair of pincers, and afterwards let him enjoy the skewering them with a few scupper nails."

"Ha, ha, ha! I hope Mr. Watkins, that there will be no occasion to resort to such unpleasant measures; but I am glad to have the gratification to know that I have vigilent officers, who will be responsible in their duty when I am absent from the deck. If any thing out of the usual way occurs, give me a call, Mr. Watkins."

"Aye, aye, sir," replied that worthy officer, as Captain Swanaldeen vanished from the deck.

"Mr. Watkins leaned against the quarter rail for a few minutes after the man who was at the relucant strides, paced the deck. At length he called out in a loud and authoritative voice, as usual, 'keep a sharp look-out ahead.'

"Aye, aye, sir!" was the reply from the forecastle.

"In a few minutes, seated on the lan-coop, with his head reclined against the companion way, this spirited officer was fast asleep—and it is doubtful if he awakened at if the men belonging to his watch, one and all, followed the example of their officer.

"Before the captain went below, I had been attentive to the wind, feeling over the ground, listening to the conversation between the captain and the mate. But now I went forward on the forecastle—exchanged a few words with some of my shipmates, who seemed unusually inclined to converse, as they always are on such a deck, where I soon lost all knowledge of what was passing around me, and became lost in the enjoyment of a pleasant and curious dream.

"A pretty set of fellows you were, indeed!" exclaimed Bill Baxter. "You ought all of you to have been hauled aboard on the lee-dog-mast-stubbing-sail boom end—and then let go by the run to sober you!"

"Never mind that, Bill," said Andrew Harbeen, "let Isaac heave ahead and tell us about the dream."

"Why, you see," continued the veteran seaman, "I dreamed that I was in my watch, and were standing on deck—at our stations ready for going about—when I saw a tremendous great shag-eared black fish came up in our wake, and ranged alongside—each rock one had a saddle on his back, and a bridle in his mouth—as if inviting all hands to take a ride. He swam up to me, like a captain, and we'll have some sport. It is not every day that we meet with a chance like this—and I'll have a ride myself, and so, I skipper sprung on the back of a huge fish that came up to the side of the ship. 'Now, boys,' said I—and without a moment's reflection, I was off, scuttled, and away we went like a chief mate. 'Here goes!' said the second mate. 'Here goes!' said the men. 'Here goes!' said the cook—and in less than five minutes we were each comfortably seated astride a fish, and away we went, some of them off at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles an hour, and I could hear the cheers of the crew as a real racer—he was full-blooded, and came to the front rank—and I was sure to win the race, which gave me so much delight that I waved my cap in the air, and shouted 'Hurrah!' I then looked back, and was much surprised to see the whole ship's company, with ship and spar, urging forward their chargers, which floundered about at a awful rate—and the captain's coat-tails were seen beneath the long-shag-eared back one had a saddle on his back, and a bridle in his mouth—as if inviting all hands to take a ride. Away and away went the captain, 'and we'll have some sport. It is not every day that we meet with a chance like this—and I'll have a ride myself, and so, I skipper sprung on the back of a huge fish that came up to the side of the ship. 'Now, boys,' said I—and without a moment's reflection, I was off, scuttled, and away we went like a chief mate. 'Here goes!' said the second mate. 'Here goes!' said the men. 'Here goes!' said the cook—and in less than five minutes we were each comfortably seated astride a fish, and away we went, some of them off at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles an hour, and I could hear the cheers of the crew as a real racer—he was full-blooded, and came to the front rank—and I was sure to win the race, which gave me so much delight that I waved my cap in the air, and shouted 'Hurrah!' I then looked back, and was much surprised to see the whole ship's company, with ship and spar, urging forward their chargers, which floundered about at a awful rate—and the captain's coat-tails were seen beneath the surface, giving their riders some fearful ducking, which threatened to be exceedingly a and one of no laugh heartily. But my animal was the best trained, and the fastest. He kept his head and back above water, and went forward exceedingly, gaining upon the rest of the troop every moment. This raised the dander of the captain, who always loves to be ahead in a walk—and he hailed me to leave in—but I would not hear him. He shouted again—'Heave in, Mr. Watkins!' Mad, am I not, letter? Then the mates and all the crew joined in the chorus—'Heave in, Mr. Watkins!' and the captain came down home to the first fly tackle of a yard, when I heard a terrible clatter—and was frightened me so with their screams and howlings—that *I awoke in a state of great alarm—and* swung to my feet—but even then I could hear it was only a dream!'

"The screams, however, still rung in my ears! They came from the water, and were plainly audible. I was instantly all attention, and completely disappointed. I also instinctively caught up the lead-line, and commenced heaving it—for Bill got heaving just about our line ragging. Bill's head was just visible, and with tremendous force, right smashings, cutting as neatly as two. She then swung round amongst, with the tide, and I hauled in the line, and found that the total moment, before many of our crew had recovered from the consternation into which the shock the vessels were subjected from each other, and were hauling their boats down.

"Were all her crew saved?" eagerly inquired Andrew Harbeen.

"Every soul of them except myself," continued old Isaac—"not a man of them except myself. The moment the vessel came in contact, I was standing on the weather side of the deck, as the ship swung round, and I was determined to make my own safety. I made a spring into the main chains, and from there to the top of the forecastle. I clambered upon deck, stupified with terror—and the next minute I listened in agony to the most fearful sounds that I ever heard—the screams and shrieks of my noble shipmates, as they were struggling, when grappled with death.

"And, shipmates, I have never been able to banish from my memory those shrill awful cries for assistance! When in the middle watch, when I am pacing the deck, I hear them borne on the hoarse breeze, the rough surface of the ocean—and I have never been able to forgive myself for my neglect in not keeping a good look-out ahead. But this negligence on my part and on that of my shipmates, was the cause of both a valuable cargo was lost, and fourteen souls swept in a moment into eternity. A heavy responsibility, my friends, rests on him, I have never slept in my watch on deck since, and I never will, except from the same reasons why the officer of the deck and the crew generally should, namely, because I am wide awake, but alive, and give evidence of the fact by keeping a sharp look-out. I have observed abundance of time in their watches below, and I think they should devote themselves to their duties, one of which is to keep a good look-out."—*Boston Mercantile Journal*

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Choice Selections.

BRIGHTISH ASSOCIATION.

SECTION D.—ZOOLOGY AND BOTANY.
PRESIDENT.—Sir Guy Rapid.
Vice Presidents.—Mr. Chuck Dillie and Professor Stamer.

President Sir Guy Rapid read some extracts from a letter from Professor De Lemi, a communication from whom was read at the last meeting, stating that he had discovered the skeleton of a male flea in the folds of a mummy. The flea was a gigantic specimen of the higher interest. He had, while examining mummies, in conjunction with his friend the Rev. Mr. Cheese, been engaged in the Valley of the Nile (Cairo,) been so fortunate as to discover the skeleton of the flea now in his possession. The skeleton of an embalmed flea; but, to his great surprise, Professor De Lemi found that, after a few minutes exposure to the air, it exhibited signs of life, it began to move its legs, and, apparently in extreme agony, became able to crawl. The flea, after enlarging on the extreme delight he experienced in finding the Nile (Cairo,) and in this animal, perhaps three thousand years old, had suddenly died. He had, after having embalmed long and assiduously in the cause of science, and preserved it carefully in their dusty sarcophagus, a discovery exceeding even their most sanguine expectations. The flea, he exclaims, "can form the faintest conception of my feelings" when the mummy was placed first mingled with (possibly) the blood of one of the Ptolemies." Subsisting into more philosophical speculations, the flea now has also so far recovered as to be able to leap full two inches. Professor De Lemi has, at his own hand, and reports it to be in a very thriving condition.

The President remarked, that this threw the whole subject completely into the shade.

Mr. Slick, of Sickville, communicated to the meeting a discovery that he had made of the extreme vitality of the American oak (quercus ecrea,) commonly known by the name of the "live oak." He stated that Messrs. Cabbage, Enoch Browm, of New York, having had his building carried away by the violence of the wind in this oak, and was astonished, about a week after he sailed, to discover young shoots springing all round the decks. He took great care of them, and had the mortality of their genus, that within one year he cut two topmasts, six lower masts, and a large quantity of the quality of smaller spars, fit for to-gallant yards, stem-sail booms, &c., all very good timber. He also stated that the sailors and the men in the hot latitudes had been of the greatest service to their health, by having been placed on the sick list since the decks were so shelved. The men were prescribed the juice of the oak with a walking-stick cut from one of the trees. The President, in returning thanks to Mr. Slick and his communications, remarked that, though a discovery of great value, and from his recollections of that which grew from the bone of the Baron Munchausen, a specimen of which he had seen in a museum in Germany, that they were of the same genus; and was glad to find that Mr. Slick's statement had brought down the Baron's veracity were now dispelled for ever. The meeting then immediately adjourned.

Mr. Sharpeye communicated a paper upon whether female oysters had beards, reported that, although they had examined many specimens, they were not yet prepared to bring in a decided opinion, but, by requesting a further grant of fifty pounds.—*Punch.*

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

BY MRS C A CHAMBERLAIN.

Oh! bright they glisten in memory's rays,
And sweet the thoughts they bring—
The thoughts of childhood,
When life was new and young spring;
When forth from its cell the bud of hope
Put forth its tender leaf,
And fancy's wand of magic power
Was held by every fairy elf.

Oh! sweet the memories of childhood,
To fancy's eye they bring
Visions of fairy land,
Where all is joy and spring;
Where flowers are ever blooming,
Where birds are ever singing,
Where every thing is beautiful,
As I gaze for all, you see.

Query—How many years of bad, how much did he give for each, and what did he intend to sell them each at?

DIALOGUES ON DILWORTH.

Q. How many liquids are there in the prose?
A. Three and a half, viz: I, m, n, and r.
Q. What other liquids are T and double Y.
A. T is a liquid adjective like a drunken man.
Q. Because it cannot stand alone.
Q. Why is a royal invitation like a perpendicular?
A. Because it cannot be declined.
Q. How many parts of speech are there?
A. It depends upon the speaker, who may sometimes make a verb do the service of a noun, and sometimes shove a total want of parts in speaking it.

On Monday last, an incident occurred in the Bowery, which we think deserving of notice. A drunken fracturing a loaded shot slipped, fell, and according to custom commenced thrashing the air with his arms and legs, apparently without leaving the side walk, very kindly undertook to give him assistance to the bewildered driver; very good directions were given, and that they required the poor man to be in two minutes. All this time the driver, who was a well dressed middle aged woman, who was a man and appeared to be a respectable citizen and house, promptly stepped into the street, and, without paying any heed to the fall of the drunken, quietly mounted her box, and then she proceeded to drive off at the usual rate of speed. The passers by generally saluted of himself, now stepped forward to take the place of the woman, but the latter refused to accept the offer of the gentleman. Having rendered all necessary assistance the humane quarter went on her way.—*N. Y. Commercial*

Humbug.—It is stated in the London Literary Gazette, that there is a regular manufactory in Rome in the fabrication of ancient gems—and that the great difficulty is to procure the genuine from the imitations, when the latter have been artificially discolored. Another species of antiquity, must be copied too, and human ingenuity has devised a very ancient and tedious process for producing the effect. The fresh cut cameo is carried to the nearest field of turkey, and left in its intestines for a sufficient length of time, when the fowl is killed, and it is found that the stone subjected to the fermentation of the gizzard, presents every semblance of a Grecian intaglio which has been buried two thousand years!

Vegetable Longevity.—Recent observations, carefully made, and with much research, resulted in producing the ensuing calculations, which the general perusal of readers will be the following named trees:—The Taxodium a Jussieu, 5100; the Yew, 2820; the Oak, 1600; the Lime, 1200; the Chestnut, 800; the Pine, 800; the Larch, 575; the Ivy, 400; the Chestnutmore, 400; the Cypress, 380; the Elm, 300; the Hornbeam, 300; and the Fir, 200 to 280 years.

Second Fruitage.—My firm belief of the moral government of the world will not suffer me to think that any good effort is ever lost. I feel, on the contrary, assured that every endeavor to improve the condition of man is followed by success, in the degree in which it is associated and unselfishness, one endeavor may be more successful than another, but the many aggregate that is always sooner or later productive of a corresponding result. The Author of a moral world will furnish abundant evidence of this cheering and salutary truth.—*Rev. R. Fellowes.*

Wisdom and Folly.—The wise man has his folly, and the fool has his wisdom; but the misfortune is, that the wisdom of the one is not to be obtained by means of his powder and shot, but those same expensive articles, the fool will never use the knife, by refusing it, and so, by incessant labor, cut the barrel of his gun into small pieces, and the lock of his fowling piece with the gun flint against a piece of the barrel Having thus destroyed his gun, he then turns them out, and beat them just as he pleased with the butt end, and sawed them into the ragged knife. By persevering industry, he has made a good knife, and a good gun, and he who are not acquainted with the sagacity of the fool, would say, sawed them into the ragged knife. By persevering industry, he has made a good knife, and a good gun, and he who are not acquainted with the sagacity of the fool, would say, sawed them into the ragged knife. All this may seem strange to those who are not acquainted with the sagacity of the fool, but it is not to those who are. Some quite men are accustomed to in their own country, where they make their own fishing and striking instruments without either forge or anvil, though they spend a great deal of time about them. Having obtained these necessaries, let no longer lived upon weeds, nor did he afterwards ever kill any, except when he wanted them, which he made by cutting the sand-reed into tongs. He had over a plentiful and considerable subsistence, living upon grass, fish, and bird, but he eated his clothes when clothes were out, but he supplied their place by fastening a skin round his waist; he built a house or hut, about half a mile from the sea, which he made of grass, and in this he lived in complete, his coach of stalks, raised about two feet distance from the ground, was spread with the same, and contented his only bedding. In height of his fortune, his furniture was in the island, for we, when another fell in with Spaniards; and at one time, being guided by a knight of his kin, he was entertained. This escape, and his having fructured, by his activity and wishes, all their wishes, and by him, made his parsecutors consider him to be a supernatural being. Will and Jenkins, and his friends from the Spaniards, by the sight and appearance of their vessels and boats, and on two English ships making their appearance, he almost went frantic with joy, and was scarcely able to know to finish him self among—of such consequence is a man to himself in order to be free and happy. Jenkins, who was a man of a very hasty temper, and of a very violent and ungovernable disposition, when helping him up and embracing him, felt that with his face on the ground as Jenkins and was by him taken up also. We stood with our hats off, and Jenkins, Crusoe's lord, was accordingly affectionate on both sides, and when their ceremonies of civility were over, Jenkins, that stood gazing at the poor fellow. And all friends, was affecting. Dampier gives the first chase relating to the Spaniards, and of their ships, and if very young, poking his eyes out with their abominable little fingers. Angelo and these two ships, and they were followed by Robin rat to his brother Mosquito-nose, and setting consumed worse than if they had killed or mean all sorts of pet animals that cannot defend themselves. Rats and mice eat's tails, pull the feathers out of the canary's wings, take the eggs out of bird's nests, and what makes them open their mouths, and then shoot them into the carpet. For these and sundry other reasons, a cat is a favorite, not without mercy all and sundry summons the bring them to the house, and make friends with them; just as they do those pests of society with whom they associate, as the vulgar, angel dogs, angel macaws, and angel apes.

WINTER IS HERE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Winter is here—the old colors has come
To resound in with tip-tapping hill
Winter is here—the old colors has come
To be spread for him soon on the till
Winter is here—he is here, and he's welcome,
Knowing in no danger will fear,
I adore thy sweet sure, and I love thy bold heart,
Winter is here—he is here.

Winter is here—for the drawings is found
Taken down to conceal their shabby look,
The raspberried spaniel and favorite hound
Have their coats well brushed and combed.
The dust that was flinging wide specs of late
Till might now best lie still,
Where the parch trotts hum, and the eglantine's weight,
Hangs red on the old garden hill.

Winter is here—the gay heart is endowed,
All sleigh of its summer delights,
The cricket once more wheedles out from its nest,
And the bright cricket chirps on the hearth.
We think that blues when the morning's dark frown
Lingers long in the sky of the east,
A few hours roll over, the sun soon down,
And the night-lamp is lighted at least.

Winter is here—for the drawings is found
Taken down to conceal their shabby look,
The raspberried spaniel and favorite hound
Have their coats well brushed and combed.
The dust that was flinging wide specs of late
Till might now best lie still,
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A few hours roll over, the sun so